

Dursley: the Next Generation

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Summary: When Dudley's daughter finds a certain letter in the mail, Dudley goes to his estranged cousin for help. After telling 11-year-old Ali that she is a witch, the father and daughter duo end up staying at Harry's home so that Ali can learn about the wizarding world and get to know her cousin Lily who will be starting Hogwarts with her. Needless to say, Vernon is not very happy.

1. Chapter 1

**Hey everyone! Okay, okay, I know I should be working on Meet the Parents. But I've been re-reading Harry Potter and this annoying idea won't leave me alone. Besides, I gave you guys four chapters of Meet the Parents in ten days, what more do you want? **

**But anyway. I know that Jo said that she herself had considered this but then decided that magic DNA wouldn't be able to get through Vernon, but whatever. I also know that canonically, Dudley has two kids, but still. **

Also, I must credit hp-headcanon on tumblr, because this story is based on number 149 from their blog. (Only I switched the gender of Dudley's kid.)

Dudley's daughter is entirely my creation. Her name is Alexandria, or Ali, for short, and she is the same age as Lily Luna.

* * *

><p>Alexandria's POV

I was watching cartoons with my dad and eating cereal when I heard the mail come in.

"Ali, get the mail please."

I got up and put my cereal bowl in the dishwasher before collecting

the mail and returning to the lounge room. I sat on the couch and filled through the letters as my dad sat next to me, drinking a cup of tea. One of my friends was on holiday in Australia and she had promised to send me a postcard. Today's mail was all bills, except for one. It was large and yellow and thick. Whoever had written it had used bright green ink.

_Miss Alexandria Dursley,
>_12 Brennan Court,
>_Mayfair,
>_London_.

I turned it over, frowning. The back was sealed by a blob of red wax, with the letter H on it. As I was about to peel it open, my father glanced down at it. He gasped and dropped his tea, the mug smashing of the hardwood floors.

He put his hand to his mouth. "Oh my god."

I gave him a questioning look, but before I could speak, he held up his hand and silently reached for the phone, dialling a number by heart.

"Hello, Harry?"

I could hear a women's voice on the other side. Dad's face fell.

"Oh. Well could you please tell him to come to my house as soon as possible? It's really, really important. Thanks, Ginny."

"Dad? What's going on?"

"You can't read that letter yet, Alexandria. My cousin Harry will be here to explain everything soon."

This just made me even more confused. Harry? What could my letter possibly have to do with him? I hadn't even seen him since I was a toddler and from what I knew, him and my dad never got along when they were little.

"Dad, please can I just read it? Please?"

"Ali, I'm sorry, but no. He will be able to explain it better than I ever could."

"Fiiine."

"Look, honey, why don't you do something else while we wait for him? You could practice your violin, I know you love that."

"Butâ€¦ What about school?"

He sighed and rubbed his forehead. "You don't have to go today. You can stay home. I'm not going to work either."

I bit my lip. Whatever it was, it had to be serious, or else I wouldn't be allowed to skip school.

An hour later, there was a knock at the front door. I put my violin

down on my bed and practically flew out of the room, down the stairs and to the door. I flung it open. A man with messy black hair, green eyes, round glasses and an oddly shaped scar was wiping his feet on the welcome mat.

"Hi Harry."

"Hello Alexandria."

"Umâ€œ| Come in. You can call me Ali, by the way."

He grinned. "Sure thing, Ali. Is your father around?"

I nodded and led him into the the lounge room, where dad had been pacing for the last hour. I was then sent out of the room, but instead of leaving, I looked in through the crack between the door.

"Harry! Thank God you're here! I know we're not exactly close, but I really need your help right now. Somethingâ€œ| Something came for Ali in the mail this morning." He handed the letter over.

Uncle Harry stared at it, and chuckled. "I'll help Dudleyâ€œ| If I can be in the room when you tell Vernon."

"Sure, anything, just please, I don't know what to do!"

"Has she opened it yet?"

My father shook his head. "I thought it would be better to wait for you to get here. You know, in case she has any questions."

Harry nodded. "That makes sense. And I'd be happy to talk to her and explain everything."

I quickly ran to the kitchen and pretended to be rummaging through the pantry.

My dad's voice came from the lounge. "Ali, can you come here please? Harry has some things he wants to talk to you about."

I entered the lounge room and sat on the couch, facing my second cousin.

"Ali, have you ever made anything strange happen? Things you can't explain?"

"What? No, that doesn't make any sense!"

But as I thought about it, I realised that I had made some strange things happen. Like the time I badly broke my leg a week before we were supposed to go on holiday to Disneyland and had woken up in hospital the next morning completely healed. Or the time the school bully had tried to smash my violin against a wall and instead of breaking, it had bounced off the brick like rubber and smacked him in the face. He'd had a broken nose but my violin wasn't even scratched.

"But I didn't make them happen, that's not possible! It's not like I can do magic, that's just stupid, magic isn't real!"

He bit his lip. "Wellâ€|"

I looked at him, gaping. Obviously, he was crazy.

My father shook his head. "Just show her Harry."

"What should I show her?"

"What? I don't know, anything!"

Harry shrugged, reached into his coat and pulled out what looked like a wood stick. He made a circle motion with its do said something that sounded like 'expect oh patrol numb' a silver mist shaped like a deer came out of the end of the stick. I gasped.

"you'reâ€|you'reâ€|"

"A wizard, yes. And you Ali, are a witch."

I looked at my father. "Does that mean you're one too?"

He shook his head. "No, just Harry and his mother, my aunt Lily."

"Butâ€| what's in the letter, then?"

He handed it back to me. "It's your acceptance letter from Hogwarts, a magic school for wizard and witch children. I got one when I was your age."

"But how can I go to a school like that? I don't know anything about it!"

"You'll be fine, a lot of kids don't know about it before they get their letter. And I'll teach you everything you need to know before you start."

"Well, okay. But I won't know anyone there, I'll be all alone" But I was still terrified.

"Don't worry Ali. My daughter Lily, your cousin, is the same age as you are. She got her letter yesterday. She'll look after you. And will all your other cousins."

"Really?"

Harry nodded and turned to my dad. "Listen, Dudley, it's going to be hard traveling all the time. I think it might be best if you guys stayed at my house for a few days, at least. Just till we get this sorted you. You can have the guest room and Ali can sleep in Lily's room, so they can get to know each other before school starts. It that okay?"

My dad nodded vigorously. "Sure, sure. Anything you need, just help Ali."

* * *

><p>So that's that! I will probably write more, like hanging

out with Lily and going to Diagon Alley and going to Hogwarts. But don't be upset it it takes a long time. I'm trying to stay on top of my Zootopia fic, and starting another one with regular posts doesn't sound like the most helpful thing at the moment.

2. Chapter 2

**Tra-la-la, I'm back again! So am continuing this because I'm really liking Ali. She's really very interesting, although you guys don't know much about her yet. You only know what you saw in chapter one, but in my head there is a lot more to her than just a violin playing Dursley witch. **

Something random: it the last chapter, Dudley was drinking a cup of tea. I'd originally had him drinking coffee before I realised that tea would be more likely. The only reason I put coffee in the first place is because most people in Australia drink coffee, not tea, **_especially **_**in Melbourne.**

* * *

><p>After the conversation in the lounge room, I was sent upstairs to pack a bag. I just packed the regular stuff, like clothes, books and my 3DS as well as my violin and folder of sheet music. When everything else was packed, I picked up a framed photo of a pretty young woman from my bedside table and hugged it to my chest.</p>

"You always said I'd do amazing things when I grew up, mum. But I bet you never imagined it'd be like this."

It had been a year since the crash that had killed my mother. She'd picked me up from school and was taking me to get ice cream when we'd been hit head-on by a drunk driver. Our car had rolled and we'd both been rushed to hospital, unconscious and in critical condition. By the time I woke up, she'd already died. I hadn't been in a car since the accident. The few times I'd tried, I'd had panic attacks. My dad had been so worried that much to my protest, he'd taken me to see a psychiatrist where I'd been diagnosed with anxiety, post-traumatic stress disorder and depression.

I slid the picture into my bag, gathered up my things, and took them downstairs and left them by the front door.

Harry was in the lounge room, staring at something I couldn't see.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm just trying to figure out the best way to get back to my house. I think I'll just ask Ginny to drive over with the car."

I shook my head and began scratching at my arm, even though it wasn't itchy.

Dad walked into the room carrying a half open back-pack, its contents drooping out of the un-zipped sides. "Isn't there another way? Ali won't get in cars anymore. Not since Nicola."

Harry seemed to think about this for a moment. "Well, I guess I could

Apperate you there. But I'd have to take you one at a time."

"What's Apperate?" I asked, confused.

"It's basically disappearing from one location and then reappearing in another. Like teleportation."

"Oh. Does it hurt?"

"No, but it does feel a little strange. Like you're being sucked into a giant vacuum cleaner."

"Will I learn how to do it at Hogwarts?"

"It's Hogwarts. But no, not until you're in your sixth year there."

Dad was trying to force the zipper of his bag shut, but there was too much stuff in it. "Ali, watch TV with Harry while I finish packing. And find a bigger bag!"

We sat in silence for a while, watching an old PokÃ©mon re-run. I broke the silence during an ad break. "Sooâ€| Who are my cousins again? I know I've met them but I don't really remember."

"I didn't think you would. Last time we were here you were about two years old. Ginny and I have three kids, James, Albus and Lily. James and Albus have been at Hogwarts for a few years already, but Lily is your age, so you two will be in the same year."

"Oh. Okay."

I hoped that they would like me. I hoped that they wouldn't think I was stupid for not knowing anything about magic. The ad break finished and PokÃ©mon came back on ('who's that PokÃ©mon? It's Charmander!') And we sat in silence.

* * *

><p>We were ready to leave. All of our bags were sitting in a neat pile in the hallway, ready to be transported to Harry's house. He waved his stick (which I had since learned was actually a wand), said some gibberish words and the luggage disappeared with a small pop. I clutched my violin case and photo to my chest. I'd wanted to take them with me instead of sending them along with the rest of my bags, in case anything happened to them on the way. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to my violin, it was my prized possession. It was beautiful and expensive, a fourth birthday gift from my mother. She'd played since she was a little girl, and I used to watch her practice, mesmerised by the beautiful music she could create from thin air. When I turned four, she'd gotten me my very own violin and paid for my lessons. One of my favourite things to do had been to play with her. Both her and my teacher had always told me that I was one of the most talented musicians they'd ever seen and my dream had been to play Carnegie Hall with her. Of course, that could never happen now. But still, my violin was more important to me than almost anything.

Harry motioned for me to stand next to him. "Now, I need you to grab my arm, and don't let go until I say so, no matter what. Can you do

that?"

I nodded and slung the strap of my violin case over my shoulder before gripping his arm tightly.

"Are you ready?"

I nodded, slightly scared.

"It might be easier if you closed your eyes."

I squeezed my eyes shut and nodded again. All at once, I felt suction all around me, pulling my backward. Almost as soon as it started, it stopped again. I opened my eyes and saw a bright field before a large, concrete house. It looked completely normal, just like any other house and I realized that I hadn't been expecting that. I don't know what I _was _expecting, but it wasn't a regular house.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, just a bit dizzy."

He smiled. "That's normal. You wait here, and I'll be back with your dad in a second."

He stepped back and disappeared all at once. I stood alone on the grass for about a minute before he reappeared, with my very sick looking dad in tow. We sat for a couple of minutes before moving on, to allow my dad to feel better. Sitting on the grass, I fished a hair-tie from my jean pocket and put my long black hair up in to a high ponytail.

After dad decided that he could walk again, we made our way towards the house. Harry opened the door and motioned for us to enter. We followed him into a dining room and sat down before he called the rest of his family to a meeting. A girl my age with red hair and brown eyes came bounding into the room. She must be Lily. When she saw me, she skidded to a halt. She looked at her father, questioningly but before she had a chance to voice her thoughts, the rest of the family filed in and Harry motioned for them to all sit down. Lily ended up choosing the seat next to me.

* * *

><p>Okay, so I realize that Ali seems older than eleven and that some people might think that anxiety, PTSD, phobia and depression might seem a bit much for a girl her age, but it's not. There is no minimum age to experience mental illness, and trauma can sometimes force a child to grow up and mature more quickly than normal. And besides, nothing against anyone, but so many OCs seem to be near perfect, or 'perfect' and Mary-Sue-ish, I wanted to try and stay away from that. While you do see a lot of characters with traumatic or tragic or sad backstories, the vast majority of them just use it for angst and don't actually portray their characters as having things like depression or PTSD as a result. At least not accurately.

**These traits give Ali's story more depth. It makes her more relatable and more real. Her story is not just about Hogwarts, but also about learning to live with mental illness, and how she copes.

It is the story of a young girl with a lot of emotional baggage, re-learning how to deal with everyday life after going through a traumatic experience who **_*just so happens *_**to be a witch.**

Ok, I just realised that in the last chapter I referred to Harry as Ali's uncle. I fixed it now. That is totally incorrect. They're second cousins. (At least, that's what my family call it.). I should know I've got about twelve of them myself because all my cousins are heaps older than me and already have kids.

End
file.